

The Best Offense is a Good Blowjob by LazyBaker

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-04

Updated: 2018-03-04

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:16:39

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,815

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve avoids fighting Billy by offering him something better.

The Best Offense is a Good Blowjob

There are two outcomes that can come from fighting Billy Hargrove:

Steve gets his ass handed to him or somehow Steve lands one amazing, powerful, Mike Tyson-like punch that knocks Billy out before he gets his ass handed to him.

Steve's not a wimp. He can throw a punch. He's been in a couple fights. Steve isn't some pansy ass, limp wristed fairy who doesn't know to keep his thumb out, wrist straight, and swing from the hips. Tommy had lost his two front teeth between the slide and the swing-set because Steve, even at ten, knew what to do with his fists and land that punch where he means it and make it count.

Except Billy isn't Tommy or Sean from English or *Jonathan* or one of his cousins visiting from the east coast who doesn't know when to just *shut up*.

No, Billy is something *different* and different in Hawkins means trouble and death and Steve sleeping with a nail-bat by his bed for two months while his mom brings up *therapy* and his dad says *the boy's just coming into his own*.

Billy can push Steve off his feet, lift him up, and shove him back down without any effort. He's *strong*. He's big. He's got muscles that jump and bulge where Steve didn't even know there were any. He runs laps around Steve while Steve is panting and *sweating through his shoes* tired. He sticks his tongue out and wags it and Steve *knows* he's the kind of guy who's going to play dirty *just because*.

Standing there, looking through the Byers' window at the camaro headlights, the kids looking to *him*—the eighteen year old *adult* who just got cheated on by the girl he wanted to marry and would really appreciate a minute to cry to himself and these kids are pissing their pants afraid like Billy is worse than a demodog about to lunge, Steve realizes two things about this shitty night that won't end:

Steve is the only thing standing between a pissed off Billy Hargrove and the kids and Steve is definitely going to get his ass beat and lose

if he tries to fight.

Which is why Steve pivots and aims for the third outcome, hopes like hell he's right, that he can make it count, and that Billy doesn't run him over with his car.

—

Steve ignores the shocked looks on the kids faces as he leads Billy inside. Billy who is looking around the place and says a quiet *what the fuck*. Tells them to go to the kitchen. Re-barricade the door. The windows. Just stay away from the bathroom while he and Billy *talk*.

Ignores how he's blushing. Ignores how his hands are shaking and clammy. Ignores that every time he had thought of this before, it would happen in the showers after a game, the back of that camaro—in his bedroom with Billy sneaking in at night to have his way with him while his parents are asleep in the next room.

Not in the Byers' bathroom on Doomsday with a bunch of dumb thirteen year olds dead set on running headfirst into a nest of monsters within ear shot, with his chest still sore from breaking.

A fantasy to jerk off to. Nothing he thought would actually happen. He had Nancy then and Nancy was going to be his wife, why would he ever stray for someone like *Billy*?

Billy heads into the bathroom first, sets himself on the counter and cocks an eyebrow at Steve when he hesitates—just long enough for Billy to get that gleam in his eye, the one that curls his lip into something mean.

Dustin is shooting him a look—worried and wanting to help and not liking the idea of Steve being alone with *that guy*. Holds up Steve's bat for him to take. It's sweet. Dustin is sweet. Steve wonders what the kid would say if he knew what he's about to do.

Steve slams the door shut behind him. Locks it. Waits until he hears the kids start to move. For there to be hammering and hurried footsteps no where near the bathroom door.

The yellow light flickers. Steve waits for something to come out of

the walls.

Billy's watching him and he's still got that cigarette dangling from his lips. He sucks it down. There's pink on the end and it isn't blood. Leans back with one hand on the counter. He'd left his jacket outside and his shirt barely covers him, chest exposed, a nipple almost peaking out. He's dolled up with painted eyelashes and lips and Steve doesn't bother trying to hide how he looks and looks.

After all, they both know why they're in here.

"Well?" Billy says. His arms are crossed and he's annoyed. His leg is jumping. Cigarette clutched between two white knuckles. "Damn impolite to offer a guy a blowjob and then keep him waiting."

Steve shushes him. "*Jesus*. Keep your voice down."

"Afraid one of your nerds'll find out you're a—"

"—Hargrove, *shut up*."

Steve presses his ear against the door and listens. They're arguing about *something*, but Steve can't hear what, which is good. *Good*. Steve wipes his sweaty hands on his jeans, glares at Billy and keeps glaring when he reaches for his obnoxious belt buckle and tugs.

Billy doesn't say anything else. Doesn't smile. Doesn't laugh when Steve's hands fumble with the latch. Steve can't even tell if he's breathing he's so quiet. Only when Steve gets his belt off and his jeans open, can see the white cotton v of his underwear behind the zipper—the soft trail of blond hair below his navel that Steve has to stop himself from touching—and gets on his knees, does Billy make a sound.

His eyes are wide. A pretty pink blush covers his entire face, spreads down his neck and along his chest. Mouth open. Staring at Steve like it wasn't until just now that he thought Steve had been bluffing.

"Fuck." Billy says. Breathes the words out shakily.

It's only now that Steve notices he's trembling. Holding himself so stiffly against the bathroom cabinet it must hurt.

It's not that Steve wants to know. He doesn't. Billy is an asshole and the end of the world might happen and the kids might run off and get themselves killed without him. There are bigger—so much fucking bigger—things happening and Steve had planned for something quick and minimally messy, ending with Billy jerking off into his mouth and leaving with a cool head and less homicidal intentions. Steve would spit in the sink and go about keeping the kids from doing something stupid.

But Steve asks anyways. Can't help it when the only other time someone had looked at him like that they'd said *I've never done this before*.

Steve smooths his hands up and down Billy's thighs, watches him twitch at the touch. "Have you—are you a—" Steve doesn't say it. Doesn't need too.

The reaction is instant. Billy is snarling down at him, hands white knuckling the lip of the counter and his face has gone dark red.

"I'm no fag." Billy bites out. He puts his cigarette out on the counter, flicks it into the toilet. Glares down at Steve, daring him to say otherwise.

"Okay."

"I'm not gonna suck your dick."

"Good for you." Steve says. Shrugs. Not like he asked or anything. Steve's been down plenty of one-way streets before.

He pulls down both Billy's jeans and underwear in one go, just enough to get at Billy's dick and keeps looking up at Billy—*who's no fag and so hard he's dripping*—and licks under the fat cockhead, kisses the wet and sticky tip and pulls him in.

The stretch of his lips. That familiar beginning to the ache in his jaw keeps Steve focused on the now. Billy is big and long, but Steve takes him into his mouth easily, into his throat and swallows around him. Does it again and again, fucks himself on Billy as quietly as he can until Billy makes this high pitched sound, clutches at the back of

Steve's head, tugging too hard at his hair.

Steve pulls off, shushes him again. Jerks his dick slow and steadily to keep him focused on *only* this.

"You gotta be *quiet*, Hargrove." Steve says. Wipes the spit dripping down his chin off on the back of his hand.

Billy's hair is sticking to his forehead. He's got his bottom lip between his canines. He looks wrecked already after barely a minute of Steve sucking him. Balls drawn up and full and ready. It's going to be quick. Easy. The first time Steve had sex he'd been coming after the zipper of his jeans had been pulled down.

It takes longer than it should, Billy is difficult and an asshole and Steve sucking his dick won't change that, but eventually he nods and Steve goes back down, swirls his tongue around that gorgeous pink cockhead and keeps going until those soft curly blond hairs—darker than Steve would've thought—brush up against his nose.

The scent of cologne is strong and makes Steve's eyes water more than any big dick ever has, but he stays put. Braces himself with one hand on Billy's hip. Swallows and lets his throat work Billy over the edge, uses his other hand to squeeze and roll Billy's balls and feels them tighten up, feels Billy curl in on himself, digging his fingers into Steve's shoulder. Steve holds him there, let's Billy twitch and gasp, bite down on his fist as he comes thickly into his mouth. Salty and a little bitter. Steve swallows without thinking, a habit he picked up from summer camp.

Gently, Steve pries himself away. Thinks what he would do if the timing was different and they were different—keep Billy in his mouth until he's hard again. Lick his way around to his ass that Steve has more than once tried to commit to memory in the locker room. Take him back to his bed and show Billy a proper first time.

Billy is shaking. He's got deep red teeth marks in the meat of his hand. There's no anger left in the slope of his shoulders as he comes back down. Blinks wetly at Steve, glassy eyed, big hand coming up to cup Steve's cheek and touch at his lips, his thumb rough with callouses, but gentle. Careful. Hesitating as he reaches out.

Steve considers kissing him. His lips are *right there*. Nancy *dumped him*. Steve might actually die tonight. Everyone might die tonight. Billy looks like he wants to be held. Steve isn't used to someone wanting to be held by him.

Steve kisses Billy's hip, right where the bone is jutting out. It's all he has left to give tonight.

Billy's got his pants pulled up, belt buckled. Steve's jeans are tented and his dick isn't getting any softer no matter how much he thinks of his grandmother with Billy right in the room, sharp edges made soft. Watching Steve with eyes that aren't hiding.

"How are you so *good* at that?" Billy says.

Steve stops himself from asking how Billy could know if he's good or bad. Takes the compliment and says a mental *thanks* that he will not ever, *ever* say out loud.

"Natural talent, I guess."

"Never figured you for a queer."

Steve laughs. "Didn't think you were a virgin, so."

"Fuck off, Harrington." Billy pauses. Busies himself with his belt buckle. Straightening his shirt. Positioning a curl. "You do that with a lot of guys?"

Steve shrugs. "A couple."

He isn't about to tell him he and Tommy have traded blowjobs like spare change more times than he could count or that he spent his time at Camp Pakota sucking dick every damn night before Nancy. He may not be able to write for shit or be useful when it comes to stopping giant monsters, but Steve can make a guy see stars with just a flick of his tongue.

It's not a skill he can put on his resume or talk about in a college application essay, but he's *good* at it and he knows it.

Steve Harrington. *Cocksucker*.

Steve jumps when he feels Billy touch his belt, hooking his fingers under it and tugging Steve over and they're close now. Steve can see the different blues in Billy's eyes. The little prickles of sweat on Billy's temples. He's *warm* and solid. Steve braces himself, puts both hands on Billy's chest—he's so *firm*—and pushes back. Tries not to feel bad at the look of naked *want* on Billy's face.

Billy is still an asshole.

"There's no time." Steve says. Tries to let him down easy, which is impossible because this is *Billy Hargrove* and no orgasm is enough to *completely* dull those edges for long.

"Oh, right." Billy rolls his eyes, his voice getting *loud*. "The great King Steve is too good for someone like—"

Steve shoves his hand down the front of Billy's pants, cutting off whatever *asshole* thing he was about to say. His dick is tacky from Steve's spit. The angle is awkward and hurts his wrist, but Steve manages because this is his arena and gives Billy a hard stroke that has his eyes fluttering and that pretty blush coming back, his easy-to-come anger melting away.

"I just swallowed your jizz, Hargrove, so be *nicer*."

"Fuck you." Billy says, breathless. Steve squeezes him hard and watches Billy almost buckle.

"That's the opposite of *nice*, dude."

Billy glares up at him. "Does the princess know you do this kind shit?"

"Doesn't matter."

"She dump you? Catch you with a dick in your mouth?"

"No," Steve says. Billy's hard again, his hips bumping into Steve's and Steve is still throbbing, he should really stop touching him—*they don't have time*. "Look, are you gonna chill? For, like, two minutes so

I can tell you what's up?"

"Maybe."

Steve pulls his hand out. It's wet, he wipes it on his jeans. Steps away so there's some space between them. Almost laughs at the angry pout on Billy's face.

"You're kinda cute when you're not being a big, giant assface." Steve says. "You gonna play nice?"

"Screw you." Billy grumbles. He shoves his hands into his pockets. His cheeks are flushed, looking at Steve from under his lashes, a sweet look that's ruined and made better by the obscene line tenting his jeans. Steve really hopes the world doesn't end tonight.

He clears his throat. The nerves coming back full force. "You gotta swear it."

"Oh my god."

"Seriously. No fighting. With Max. *Or Lucas.*"

"Yeah. Whatever."

"Promise?" Steve holds his hand out—the same one that had worked Billy over. "You gonna be good?"

"I'm not a fucking dog, Harrington."

"No shit. I think I would've noticed. So?"

Billy rolls his eyes. Flips Steve off. Eventually he nods. They shake hands. They linger. Steve's thumb is rubbing circles into Billy's hand and he can't seem to stop. Billy says, a little breathless and distracted, "fine. I promise not to fight the little shits. But you gotta promise me something too, *nerd.*"

"I won't tell anyone, don't worry." Steve has been through this enough times to know where this is going, but Billy shakes his head.

"Not that—actually, that *and*—" Billy tugs Steve close, seems to have

thing for moving Steve where he wants and Steve wonders if he has a thing for this too. “—tomorrow night, your house.”

“My house?”

“Yep.”

“You want to come over to my house?” Steve says, confused. “Tomorrow?”

“And you’re gonna finish what you started.”

“That was so dramatic, wow.” Steve says. Snorts and laughs a little. The world is ending. He just blew *Billy*. What is happening. “Oh. Okay. Yeah.”

“Fucking dork.” Billy says. Pushes Steve away, not hard. A small nudge, just enough to get his point across. He’s smiling, small and hidden. Just enough.

The underlying *danger* of Billy Hargrove is still there, but it isn’t as pointed. For a moment, at least, Billy is as close to safe as he’ll ever be. *So dramatic*.

Steve nods. Swallows around the thick knot in his throat that comes and goes and says he’s bullshit and even someone like Billy who is an asshole deserves someone better than him.

Steve adjusts himself. Wipes his mouth off. Glances in the mirror and is grateful that it’s just a bunch of thirteen year olds out there who don’t know what *just sucked a dick* looks like. Takes a deep breath.

“Okay, time to get the dipshits in line.” Steve says. Unlocks the door. Opens it enough to hear the kids arguing. Turns to Billy. “Then I got something really freaky to show you.”

Author's Note:

I've finished half my antibiotics so I thought let's celebrate with some quick write-it-in-a-day smut. I

had this idea a while ago--Steve blowing Billy in the Byers' bathroom instead of fighting him--and I just wanted to write it before my skillz got too rusty.

If you want to chat about virgin Billy and Steve being all too happy to teach him the ways of the cock, I'm on [tumblr](#)